

[S. G. Hoover]

Songs and rhymes - Poetry also: Essays [?] - 241 - ADA 2000 3 [Carbon?]

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Oct, Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mr. S. G. Hoover, 519 S Lin Ave., Hastings

2. Date and time of interview

Oct. Nov. 1938

3. Place of interview 519 S Lincoln Ave.,

4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None

5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

2 story brick building, fairly modern. Rents two room apartment on 2nd floor. Furnishings plain but clean. Does own housework and cooking. [??] Neb.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

Library of Congress

DATE Oct. Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. S. G. Hoover 519 S Lincoln Ave., Hastings,
Nebraska

1. Ancestry American — Irish, Scotch, Dutch
2. Place and date of birth Sept 17, 1888 — Warren County, Ind.
3. Family Few Relatives — Single
4. Place lived in, with dates Red Oak, Ind., Eight Mile Prairie, Ind., Hoopston, Ill., Jubilee,
Ind., Hastings, Nebr.
5. Education, with dates Grade Schools in above places
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates

Tree Surgeon from early manhood

7. Special skills and interests

Tree Surgery — Homespun poetry and Prose

8. Community and religious activities

Adherent to Seven Day Advent Church

9. Description of informant

5 feet 10 inches, Weight 155, Quick in action, quick to speak, friendly type

10. Other points gained in interview

Library of Congress

Delights in discussion of religion and politics. Favors Improvement of the conditions of the laborer generally. Especially talkative on the subject of tree surgery.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER F. W. Kaul L. A. Rollins ADDRESS Hastings, Nebr.

DATE Oct. Nov. 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mr. S. G. Hoover 519 S Lincoln Ave.,

Hastings, Nebraska. 1 "The pages of Past and Future Do you feel ashamed, despondent, regretful, Thinking of what might have been, As you view the past slope of life, And see it covered with reckage and sin, Does the dark clouds of regret hang o'er you, Oblitering the future from sight, And you feel you are lost, In the dark and depth of its night, Arise shake tho chains of thy bonsman, They will snap at the power of your will, The past may lie dark behind you, But the future [remains?] yours still. There is no blots on the fair pages of the future, Unsoiled by the passage of time, You can write there a story of weakness, Or a strong thrilling story sublime, You must write that story, No one can write it but you, And if you are not to be ashamed of the story, You must strive to right what is true, To write such a story is not easy, But hard from the first to the last, But after you have achieved it, Forgot are the blots of the past. So take courage undaunted by reckage of time, The last chapter you have still to write, Come, Make it a chapter sublime."

"Lifes Love for Right Shine on bright stars, Shine on undimed, by time or space, And may the light within our souls so shine, The light of hope and grace. Then clouds gather in the skies, And hide the stars from sight, We know behind their thickness veil, They still are shining bright. As clouds gather in the natural skies, To hide the stars above, So do clouds of trouble, Gather in the skies of life, To hide the stars of love. Oh! thou noble star of love, Shine an serene, Unmindful of time and space, For like the stars that shine above, You are touched by truth and grace. 2 Oh! thou sweet star of love, You lift us to our highest

Library of Congress

height, Make us to find our deeper whole, You lead us to suffer work and strive, And at last to reach our goal. Oh! Thou sweet flower of love, Thy fragrance did perfume the air, Of the first eternal morn, They sweet pugnense shall remain, Through out the eternal day, And like the stars that shine above, It shall not pass away. Oh! thy sweet lingering fragrance must remain, We shall not permit it to cease, no never, But like the stars that shine above, It shall abide forever.”

“Who are the Rich Are they those that deal in Silver and Gold, And Profit themselves a million gold, Nay — Then who? They who profit at another's loss, But are troubled not at the other's cost, Nay — Then who? Are they [those?] who fill their coffers with Glittering pelf, And gorge their souls on soul-less wealth, Nay! Then who? He who builds a physique grand, But neglects the soul of the Inner man, Nay! — Then who? I tell you who. The man who passes through this vale of strife, With his hand and soul firmly [grasping?] the switch of life, And takes the current as it comes gliding in, Whether freighted with good, or bad or sin. Joys, sorrows, mistakes and strife, He knows are the essence that makes up life, Each he finds does a lesson hold, Whose value makes dross of the finest golds. This watchman leaves none go, unheeded past, But gazes at each with a powerful glass, He sifts each with a sifter fine, And passes each to the inner mind. Life is a queer mixture for one and all, It holds lessons sweet as honey, yet bitter an gall, What would life be if it were not so, But one long winter of eternal snow.

1

“How to Choose Your Friends As social beings, we must need come in contact with many people. As judicial beings, we should be wise and prudent, sticking to a code of rules, such as, refraining from hasty judgment or forming opinions, either bad or good. Always remember that you and I, in fact, all of us, have little faults and sometimes large, of which we [are?] ashamed, and sometimes not ashamed, but aware of, which most of us for various [purposes?] try to conceal. All of us in meeting people put our best foot forward, so to speak. Most of us are good or nearly so. If we were, caution would not be necessary. A nearly good person is truly ashamed of his failings and really tries to

Library of Congress

overcame them. So you see, shame is really a redeeming quality and we really need not be ashamed of being ashamed. But wedged in between the good are many unscrupulous vultures of the human race, which are perfectly aware of, but not ashamed, of their own meanness. These are masters of conceit and cunning. They are like the snake who is too lazy to work, but prefers to lay in wait for their prey. For a cunning snake picks his place of concealment to lie in wait. So do these human vultures conceal their true self behind a pleasing personality. [They?] are artists of deception and cunning. They hide behind a well groomed mannerly condescending cunning. For the sole purpose of disarming their prey. From such, none of us are safe. To them, all is legal prey. From such, we should always maintain a constant vigil, lest we fall a prey to their [matter?] cunning. Such vulture, constantly schools themselves in making a good appearance. And oft times appear to greater advantage than the one who is really good, but makes no special efforts to appear so, but leaves his own good deeds speak for themselves. The great moral teacher, "Jesus Christ," likened such hypocrites unto [whitened?] sepulcher which appears without, to be white and clean, but within, full of dead man's bones extortion and excess. 2 So the last phrase of the rule, withhold your confidence till the other antisapient are acquaintances. Prove by merit the right to confidence, trust and friendship. It is all so good to remember the little faults in the lives of those with [which?] you make friends. Do not let their good qualities blind you to their faults. If you do, you are prone to set them on a pedestal. And they with a drastic exercise of their faults, open your eyes and you find the shock has knocked them from their pedestal of your esteem. Toward your friends, you should always be, tolerant, patient and helpful. And with love, forgive their shortcomings, for you will always stand in need of these virtues from others. May God Bless and Help You in the Selection of Your Friends."

Written by S. G. Hoover,

519 South Lincoln Ave.,

Library of Congress

Hastings, Nebraska. 3 Bitter so bitter, and hard to take, But digest it all for wisdoms sake,
Good so good and east too, But it may not mean life to you. But mingled together, they
make life's golden spell, So take them both, digest them well, And store up their good as
best you can. Your life will some day be rich my little man."

Written by Mr. S. G. Hoover,

519 South Lincoln Ave.,

Hastings, Nebraska. 1 "A Way to Real Success" Don't get heady or discouraged, if you
make a failure in any undertaking. It does not signify your life is a failure. The man who
has made no failures had yet to be born. How many times we have all failed, is set forth
in the [example?] of the baby. How many times does he fall and so fails, while learning to
walk and stand. But his courage survives each failure. Down he goes and up he comes for
another try, bumped, hurt, but still undaunted. Defeat means nothing to him. He means to
win. Such persistence can lead but to success. He stands, he walks, he runs, he leaps, for
he knows the joy of success. Each [time?] he failed but tried again, was another brick in
his foundation of success. If you have failed many [times?] and [reattempted?] to [quit?]
remember the baby. Any man should be ashamed to quit after beholding so noble an
example. a good part of the world may scoff and jeer your failing. If the baby can take it on
the chin, "Can't you"? Are you going to let the baby exercise more strength of character
than yourself? Suppose the whole world give you the razz. They don't mean it, grin and try
again. Your efforts will awake their admiration. If you keep on trying you are sure to hear
their lusty cheers for your success. Remember each new effort is one more brick laid in
the pavement of your achievements. Bringing you a little nearer the temple of your ideals,
a little [closer?] to the shrine [of?] your manhood. A little nearer the man, your mother and
father hope you would be. Now in all kindness, a few words to help those who have heard
the ringing cheers of success. And stand upon the pinicle of that noble edifice. Take heed,
least you fall. Don't be drunk on the wine of your success. Don't let it go to your head
and spoil what you have fought so hard to attain. To brag and flaunt your success is [a?]

Library of Congress

sure sign of intoxication. Such behavior is disgusting in the eyes of all descent people. Failure has slain her thousands, success, her tons of thousands. Now an example of how a successful man should act; When Admiral Dewey corked the 2 Spanish fleets in Manila Bay, and sank some of her great ships, his men were cheering his success; but his true greatness was expressed in his next act. Holding his hands for silence, he said, "Don't cheer Men, the poor devils are Drowning." This act of chivalry did more to raise him to the height of [?] greatness, than his victory over the Spanish fleet."

Written by Mr. S. G. Hoover,

519 South Lincoln Ave.,

Hastings, Nebraska. "Don't be a Quitter Don't be a quitter. It is easier to quit a hard task, than to finish it. But an unfinished task is always a self reproach and a constant reminder to your friends and foes of a weak personality. A finished task is always a testimony of consistency. The work may be imperfect but done to the finish holds brighter hopes for the future. Do not an the grasshopper, flit from leaf to leaf. He in just an insect born for a day, then his life goes out in darkness, and in thought no more of than the mist of yesterday. One who lives his example may be liked and loved, but never trusted. They will never find their deeper worth and better hold. Stick to [your?] job and be a man. Don't be an insect."

Mr. S. G. Hoover. "Our Garden of [Gethsemone?] When the skies of your soul is o'er shadowed with darkness, when your loved ones and friends criticize you, when on every hand you are met with disappointment and grief, when shattered has seemed every hope and wish, and life itself seems like a great dark billow of impending doom, and your soul on the dark cross of despair seems crucified, when by the forces of evil your heart seems torn asunder when life seems to lie before you like a hopeless and desolate waste; then say tothyself, "Oh soul, be calm", The creative forces of the Great Sculptor is at Work, Say to thy soul, "Soul, take courage and give thyself without, reserve [to?] His shaping power, for the Master loveth that which He Shapeth." Say to Thyself, "Oh Soul, into the

Library of Congress

hands of the Great Sculptor of life I will yield and come it my soul. I will fear not, neither will I despair, for out of desolation of this abiding might, he has power to bring rays of living light. Out of this ugly sin blotched me, He will a soul of beauty shape that shall not fade. Oh! ye dark clouds of my soul; I fear Thee not for in the cradle of His love I rest secure. Ye, dark cloud shalt pass away, and in the place shalt shine forth the light of eternal love. Oh, fading hope, thou shalt be canged into eternal joy. Oh, despair, in thy place shalt shine eternal hope. The, Oh, loved ones and friends, no more fault shalt thou find for in its place shalt bloom the sweet flower of holy and eternal understanding. Oh, you planins of sorrow and desolation. Ye shalt give way to the vast [unfationable?] plain of eternal progression. Oh, fear, thy place shalt be given to abiding faith and loving trust. So fear no, Oh, Soul, nor dread the house dark. They are but shadows cast by the light of eternal love. Then Soul, yield ye to their loving favor, when the rays of the great eternal morning shalt break, when sin and all her darkening shadows fly away, and the Great Sculptor shalt lay his chisel by the shalt behold his works, Thy soul shalt be clothed in robes of wondrous Beauty, the work of the Master's hand. Then the eyes of thine inward sight shalt be kissed by the rays of the eternal light of love. And then fond soul, thou shalt see and know and understand."

Written by S. G. Hoover, Hastings, Nebraska.